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DAREDEVIL®

THE M[illegible]OUT FEAR!

FINCH

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DIRECT EDITION

$2.99 US $4.25 CAN

You don't need a heightened sense of hearing to know today is going to be a bad one inside Ryker's.

But it helps.

The chatter is all focused on one thing...

$#@% BE JUMPIN' OFF!

--KNOW THE $#@% GONNA JUMP OFF *TODAY*, MOTHER-#@%#%@!

--BEST BE *READY* WHEN THIS $#@% JUMPS OFF, THA'S ALL I'M SAYIN'...

"Jumping off" is what they call a riot in here.

And as I'm hearing all this ...

...my other senses kick in...

...telling me that as bad a situation as this could be for me...

VISITATION ROOM

ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK WAS BLINDED AS A CHILD, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND FORM A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS, HE STALKS THE STREET AT NIGHT, IN RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF JUSTICE AS **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.** RECENTLY, MATT WAS INCARCERATED AT RYKER'S ISLAND, CHARGED WITH BREAKING THE LAW WHILE MASQUERADING AS THE VIGILANTE DAREDEVIL. ALTHOUGH MATT VEHEMENTLY DENIES THE CHARGES, THE CAULDRON THAT IS RYKER'S BEGINS TO BUBBLE OVER AS HE AWAITS TRIAL ...

THE DEVIL IN CELL BLOCK D

PART FIVE

ED BRUBAKER WRITER | *MICHAEL LARK & STEFANO GAUDIANO* ARTISTS | *FRANK D'ARMATA* COLORIST | *VC'S CORY PETIT* LETTERER | *AXEL ALONSO* CONSULTING EDITOR | *WARREN SIMONS* EDITOR | *JOE QUESADA* EDITOR IN CHIEF | *DAN BUCKLEY* PUBLISHER

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NO...NO, YOU--

YOU DON'T *UNDERSTAND.*

MATT, YOU CAN'T JUST SHUT ME OUT.

I *LOVE* YOU.

IF YOU *MEAN* THAT, YOU WILL *LEAVE* RIGHT NOW.

YOU WILL GET ONTO THAT BOAT AND GO BACK TO THE REAL WORLD.

NO, YOU NEED TO *LISTEN* TO ME. I DIDN'T--

MILLA...THIS ROOM IS THE *LAST PLACE* I SPOKE TO FOGGY.

YOU'RE SITTING IN THE *SAME CHAIR.*

GO HOME. *PLEASE*...I'M BEGGING YOU.

NOTHING IS GOING TO *HAPPEN* TO ME.

YOU CAN'T *SAY* THAT!

AND I CAN'T *GUARANTEE* IT!

MATT, LISTEN TO YOURSELF...

PUT BECKY ON.

NO.

PUT BECKY ON-- *NOW!*

SO, THIS IS WHAT IT'S LIKE?
WHAT *WHAT'S* LIKE?
WHEN YOU COMPLETELY LOSE YOUR MIND.
I'M *NOT* HAVING THIS CONVERSATION. PUT--
I MAY BE BLIND, MATT, BUT I'M NOT AN *IDIOT.*
SINCE FOGGY, EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE...
IT'S BEEN OVER THE EDGE.
AND I JUST HAVE TO ASK... IS THIS WHAT HE WOULD WANT?
THEY *STABBED* HIM TO *DEATH!*
I KNOW.
AND HOW MANY MEN HAVE YOU MADE PAY FOR THAT?
NOT ENOUGH.
NOT THE *RIGHT* ONE, YET.
SO THIS IS WHO YOU WANT TO BE?
LIKE THE *REST* OF THE MEN IN HERE?
THIS IS WHO FOGGY DIED FOR?
REMEMBER WHO YOU *ARE,* MY LOVE...
REMEMBER WHY I LOVE YOU.

I'M ***SORRY***, MATT. I GUESS I DIDN'T ***THINK***...

THEY'VE ***HEIGHTENED*** SECURITY FOR ***VISITORS*** NOW, SO--

IT'S OKAY, BECKY.

JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU FOUND, THEN BOTH OF YOU GET THE HELL OFF THIS ISLAND.

RIGHT, WELL, THIS IS ***WHY*** DAKOTA'S NOT HERE, ACTUALLY...

WE CAME UP WITH A KIND OF ODD ***CONNECTION.***

THE GUY THEY'RE SAYING KILLED FOGGY GOT A ***VISIT*** THAT DAY, LIKE YOU THOUGHT.

FROM HIS LAWYER.

BUT THIS LAWYER IS THE SAME ONE THAT BEN AND DAKOTA ARE TRACKING...

ALTON LENNOX. EVER HEARD OF HIM?

NO. WHY?

Wait--two floors away, a snatch of conversation...

Morgan and Hammerhead?

HE'S ***SUPPOSED*** TO KNOW WHO'S RUNNING AROUND DRESSED AS ***DAREDEVIL.***

MATT, ARE YOU EVEN ***LISTENING?***

YES, AND NOW YOU HAVE TO PUT THE ***GUARD*** ON THE LINE.

UH... YEAH?

I tell him--in detail--what I'll do if he doesn't get them out safely.

He believes me. And he should.

THE OTHER INMATES ARE KEEPING AN UNUSUAL DISTANCE THIS MORNING, WOULDN'T YOU SAY, TURK?

UH... YEAH, I GUESS.

WE HAD BETTER DO THAT *THING* WE TALKED ABOUT.

R--*REALLY?* I MEAN, I'M *SURE* IT AIN'T WHAT YOU--

TURK. I *THINK,* YOU *DO.* THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE.

AND NOT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

TALK TO THE MEN, AND BE READY AT THE FIRST SIGN.

OH- *OKAY...*

I MEAN, *YES,* MISTER FISK. YES, SIR.

AND BE SURE YOU GIVE HIM *THESE...*

--HELL IS YOUR PROBLEM, MURDOCK? YOU SLOW-WALKIN' ME?

NO, C.O. GRUBER...JUST... NOT FEELING TOO WELL TODAY.

But I am stalling...

Because I need to make sure Milla and Becky are safely out of Ryker's before I do what I have to.

WELL, GET YER @$$ IN GEAR, INMATE.

So as Gruber rants at me, I'm listening to everything but him.

I'm hearing the gate closing behind Milla.

And I'm hearing a guard letting men from Morgan and Hammerhead and La Muerto's gangs into the prison armory.

I'm hearing shotguns cocked and loaded.

And I'm hearing a ferry leave the dock, heading back to the city.

Carrying the people I care about away from the nightmare this place is about to become.

I'm so relieved that I'm smiling as I break Gruber's nose with my elbow.

KRAK

HET--

Another shot keeps him down.

He doesn't know how lucky he just got.

In another part of the prison, I hear Morgan give a signal...

...and the semblance of order becomes instant chaos and destruction.

The noise is so deafening I can barely track the men I'm after.

But I manage.

Nice of Morgan to tell them to wait until the riot began for cover.

Gave me time to get here.

No point trying to hide my face.

WARDEN! GET DOWN!

WHAT--?

It won't matter after today, anyway.

WHERE THE HELL--

SPAK

SPNG

KNNCH

UHT--

MURDOCK? WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON? I JUST GOT A CODE--

YOU'VE GOT A RIOT ON YOUR HANDS. THESE MEN WERE ORDERED TO KILL YOU WHEN IT BROKE.

PROBABLY SO YOU WOULDN'T CALL IN SUPPORT.

MY GOD...

THEY WANT ME AND FISK...AND THEY'RE USING THE WHOLE PRISON TO GET US.

TAKE ANY GUARDS YOU TRUST AND GET TO YOUR SECURITY STATION. CALL IN THE RIOT SQUAD.

WAIT-- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO KEEP A PROMISE.

THIS IS AWESOME.

NO. THIS-THIS IS A *BAD* IDEA...

DON'T BE SUCH A #@$$%, TURK. HE'S ON OUR SIDE.

YOU *HOPE.*

AND SO DO *I...*

ALL RIGHT, YOU *TWO,* GET HIM THE HELL OUTTA THAT JUNK.

Fisk was right. Why is he almost always right?

STAY AWAY! KEEP BACK!

I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!

SMAK

KRAK

MATT... I--

STAY IN YOUR CELL AND KEEP THE BARS *SHUT*, MELVIN.

OTHERWISE YOU'RE GOING TO DO THINGS YOU REGRET.

Melvin Potter, the Gladiator...a kitten in the body of a killer.

The madmen take over this asylum and he'll get pulled into it, too.

But at least he's further down on their list.

And I'm not where they expect me.

Not yet.

But they found Fisk easily enough.

KWNCH

Knowing him, he probably just waited for them.

But he knows he can't do this alone. Sheer numbers almost always win.

KRAK

KRAK

And the men in here know that too.

AH, THERE YOU ARE.

I HATE TO SAY I *TOLD YOU SO*, MURDOCK, BUT...

MNNCH

THEN *DON'T.*

CHFF

TALKING AND FIGHTING HAS NEVER BEEN MY THING ANYWAY.

The violence, the screaming, takes my senses off the charts. But there's a wall behind us, so I know which way they're coming from.

That'll have to be enough.

I made a deal, there's no turning back.

It's a sea of bodies. An endless sea.

I don't even need my radar.

I just reach out...and hit...

...and break.

I've been in fights like this before... frenzied.

You lose yourself...

...in the racing pulse of fists and blood.

...this place... this hell...

...Foggy...

...this hell they've put me in...

...what they've made me become...

...Foggy...

LOOK AT 'EM...THE LUNATICS MIGHT ACTUALLY *SURVIVE.*

NO... THERE ARE *GUNS* COMING.

WHERE THEY AT THEN, MORGAN? THEY *LATE,* DAWG.

IT'S A *PRISON RIOT,* LAMUERTO... YOU EXPECT A *TIME-TABLE?*

AND *DON'T* CALL ME DAWG.

HEY...

UKK--!

...*THANKS* FOR THE SHOTGUN.

WAS ALMOST *OUTTA* CARDS.

AW, YOU GOTTA BE *KIDDIN'* ME?

LONG TIME, FLATHEAD.

NOT LONG ENOUGH.

WOW... GOTTA SAY, I WASN'T EXPECTING *THAT.*

YOU GONNA PUNK OUT, TOO?

RAAAAAHHH!

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT, BIG MAN.

PLAY YOUR HAND.

I've been in fights like this. But not like this.

This time they don't stop.

There are too many.

WE CAN'T WIN... NOT WITH JUST... TWO OF US.

I KNOW.

LUCKY FOR US, THEN... THAT WE'RE ***NOT*** ALONE.

LOOK OUT!

HEY!

NO WAY...IT'S *BLACK TARANTULA*...

WHAT'VE YOU--

IT'S *ALL* PART OF THE PLAN.

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE FORGOT MY *INVITE* TO THE PARTY...

OH... GOD...

IS IT OKAY IF I *CRASH?*

RUN!

BLAAM

BLAAM

WHAT'D THEY SAY, ROBERTS?

RIOT SQUAD E.T.A. IS *FIVE MINUTES*, WARDEN.

I'M GUESSING THREE HOURS TO RESTORE ORDER.

LOOKS LIKE IT'S BREAKING UP A BIT ALREADY...

SEEMED *ORGANIZED* A FEW MINUTES AGO, NOW THEY'RE JUST RUNNING WILD.

THAT'S PROBABLY BECAUSE *BULLSEYE'S* ON A *KILLING SPREE.*

YEAH, WELL, AT LEAST PUNISHER SEEMS TO BE BEHAVIN' HIMSELF.

WHAT'S *HE* DOING?

SITTIN' IN HIS CELL *READING.*

HE'S *STILL* KILLED FOUR CONS ON HIS *PORCH*, BUT CONSIDERING WHAT HE *COULD* BE DOING...

THAT FBI JERK SONOFA...THIS IS ON *HIM.*

I'M GOING TO GET MY @$$ HANDED TO ME FOR THIS, AND IT'S *HIS* FAULT.

AND WE'D *BOTH* BE DEAD IF IT WASN'T FOR A *CERTAIN* PRISONER.

YES...THAT'S A GOOD *POINT*, MARTA.

CAPTAIN... SHOW ME HOW TO ACCESS THE *VIDEO FOOTAGE* FROM TODAY.

Not all of them run. The price on our heads must be high.

I'm exhausted.

Only my rage keeps me going.

KRRRK

AAAIIIEEE!

Bullseye, though... he's just having fun.

CHECK IT OUT, MURDOCK-- *EYES SHUT!*

BLAMM

BLAMM

AND I'M JUST *BARELY* OUT OF TRACTION...

BLAMM BLAMM

DAMN YOU, FISK.

WHAT?

THE DEAL WAS WE PROTECT *EACH OTHER*, AND WE GET OUT OF HERE...

...SO I CAN FIND MY *ANSWERS.*

CAN YOU THINK OF A *BETTER* WAY TO GET US ONTO THE RIOT SQUAD'S *HELICOPTER?*

NO...HE'S *NOT* COMING WITH US.

WHAT DOES IT *MATTER?*

YOU THINK THERE AREN'T ANY *OTHER* HIRED KILLERS OUT THERE?

NOT *HIM.* NOT WITH WHAT HE'S *DONE.*

IT'S *IRONY,* MATTHEW...THAT FBI DIRECTOR HAD HIM *PUT HERE* HOPING HE'D *KILL* YOU.

INSTEAD, HE'S GOING TO BE OUR TICKET OUT.

DAMN IT...

THAT'S *ENOUGH,* LESTER... WE NEED TO START MOVING.

AWRIGHT... THIS IS *BORING,* ANYWAY.

"REMEMBER WHO YOU *ARE,* MY LOVE...

"REMEMBER WHY I LOVE YOU."

DAMN IT TO HELL...

HEY--!

NOT YOU!

YOU DON'T GET OUT OF HERE!

KRAK

LIKE HELL.

MURDOCK!

STOP THIS, YOU IDIOT!

GUESS YOU MISSED THE MEMO, RED...

ONLY PERSON WE DON'T NEED HERE--

--IS YOU.

BLAM

AAAHH!

AH DAMN--

NICE SHOT.

KRNNK

KRRNCH

AHHH... MURDOCK... BASTARD...

LET HIM...SHOOT ME...POINT-BLANK...

YEAH, I DID.

BUT I'M SURE YOU'LL LIVE...

...WE AREN'T DONE... YOU AND I...

YEAH... WE ARE.

DON'T *WORRY*, TURK... IT'LL *ALL* BE OVER SOON.

I WASN'T-- I MEAN... UH...

GO HELP YOUR BOSS. MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T *BLEED OUT.*

FRANK.

GUESS *YOU* HAD A BUSY DAY, TOO.

NOT SO MUCH.

YOU PLANNIN' TO *USE* THAT THING?

IT'S FOR *YOU.*

ASSUMING YOU WANT TO HELP ME GET *OUT* OF THIS HELLHOLE.

THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.

TO BE CONCLUDED...